

DUXBURY AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

By Cecil Atwater

In 1900, the Police Department could hardly be called a department. There were 3 constables elected by the voters and reporting individually to the selectmen. As automobiles increased in numbers, the need for more and more police grew rapidly. Retired Chief James O'Neil tells me that the early police, using a stop-watch, set a trap for cars on Tremont St. 30 Miles per hour was the speed limit for the open road. Today, we have an efficient, well trained police department with a fleet of modern automobiles and housed in an excellent new station house on Route 14.

I propose that we make a detailed survey of Washington St. as it was in 1900. Let's start with the area near the flagpole and Cable Office. This was known as "Town Square" and "the Village." There were many small businesses: Henry Briggs' livery stable, Charles Peterson's plumbing and tin shop, Thomas Hutchinson's boat shop, E. C. Chandler house painter, the Evans boot and shoe repair shop, Bailey's blacksmith shop, Tony Lucas's barbershop and an early garage operated by Jack Washburn.

This Society's former building was known as the Union Store, selling groceries.

In the rear of these buildings was an abandoned bowling alley. Across Blue Fish River still stands Fire House No. 1.

Across the street was the Joshua Smith harness shop. The Cable Office, now an attractive home, operated at the terminal of a cable from France. An early First National store supplanted the tin shop. This was not an



Winsor & Peterson's Store on Washington St. [now Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prince's house].

attractive business center as many of the buildings were in poor repair and it is just as well that it has been replaced by a charming residential intersection. And now we come to the village drugstore, originally opened by Nelson Stetson and succeeded in 1907 by Paul Peterson. Across the street from it was the Duxbury post office, now a private home.

What we now call Snug Harbor (the name is of recent origin) was in large part occupied by the extensive yards, sheds and wharves of the Duxbury Coal and Lumber Co. A few stores were located there including Sweetser & Arnold (now called "Sweetser's") and the Josselyn Periodical store, now out of business. I also recall a blacksmith shop.

Further along on Washington St., shortly before reaching Surplus St., was the Peterson Grocery Store, later converted by Walter Prince into his present residence. Hall's Corner was almost wholly residential in those days. A grocery store was operated first by George Stetson and about 1900 by a Mr. and Mrs. White. It also housed the South Duxbury Post Office. The Cushing boarding and livery stable

later became the Cushing Garage. Around the corner on Washington St. was a blacksmith shop. Scattered around town were a number of family stores, and then of considerable importance was the old Ford Store on Tremont St., said to be the first department store in America. It burned down many years ago. We youngsters had fun wandering through its many rooms and seeing merchandise imported from the many lands. Grocery stores conducted their business differently than they do today. We now walk through aisles taking articles from shelves and assembling them in carts. In the old stores, we read from a list or handed it to the grocer and he assembled our purchases on the counter. In those days, many horse-drawn wagons visited the residential streets selling meats, fish and vegetables. These were the days before electric refrigerators. The iceman delivered right into the icebox. Many of you will remember the icehouse and the pond on which ice was cut near Island Creek. There was no question but what Duxbury merchants padded their prices when selling to summer people. My

father once asked Mr. White what he did in the winter time when he could no longer soak the summer folks. He replied "In the winter, we try to soak each other, but its tarnation hard goin'."

Duxbury homes for a long time used well water which was pumped by hand or by windmill. The windmills were noisy, especially when the wind blew hard and they sometimes played havoc with sleep. A man made a business of making weekly calls on homes that had windmills, applying oil and grease.

Newcomers to Duxbury are sometimes curious as to how Surplus St. got its name. It was originally a poorly constructed road that ran from Washington St. to Depot St. and was called Poverty Lane. Near the end of the lane on Depot St. was the town poorhouse. Before the turn of the century, the Federal Government distributed a large sum of money to the states and the states in turn distributed their share to the cities and towns. Duxbury used its allotment to rebuild Poverty Lane and because the money was in excess of anticipated revenue they gave the road a new name and called it Surplus St. I would like to tell you a little story involving the poorhouse.

There was a well to do family living on Washington St. that included in their household an elderly uncle or grand uncle. One day, the old man disappeared and stayed away overnight. A search was made and he was eventually found at the poorhouse. When his family called to take him home, he protested vigorously saying that all his friends were living at the poorhouse and he wanted to be with them. This was shocking to his affluent family, who didn't want it said that a relative of

theirs was in the poorhouse. The old man, sad to say, had to bow to family pride.

Duxbury, as you know, has built a fine modern fire station on Tremont St. The new station takes the place of the present Station No. 1 at Blue Fish River and Station No. 2 at Hall's Corner which have served us for about 3-quarters of a century. Station No. 3 in North Duxbury was added in 1906. These stations were equipped with hand pumps each drawn by a single horse. A separate forest fire department was organized in 1900 largely through the influence of F. B. Knapp, owner of Powder Point School. It was not combined with the Duxbury Fire Department until 1961. Under the intelligent and dedicated leadership of Chief Butler, we now have a modern, efficient fire fighting department with powerful up-to-date equipment, an ambulance service for which many citizens of our town are profoundly grateful, and an underwater rescue team.

Back in those days, we had our Fourth of July parades, the same as now. The first one I saw was in 1899. Most of the Civil War veterans, about 15 or 20, were on foot with some riding in surreys and other horse-drawn vehicles. A few years later, Spanish War veterans predominated and the GAR men were all in carriages. One of the last to ride was my treasured friend, James Burgess, of whom I will speak later. We weren't sophisticated in those days, so we had no so-called "Duxbury Days."

Some individuals become so important to a town that they might be called institutions. I believe Duxbury had 2 such men who lived in the era of which I

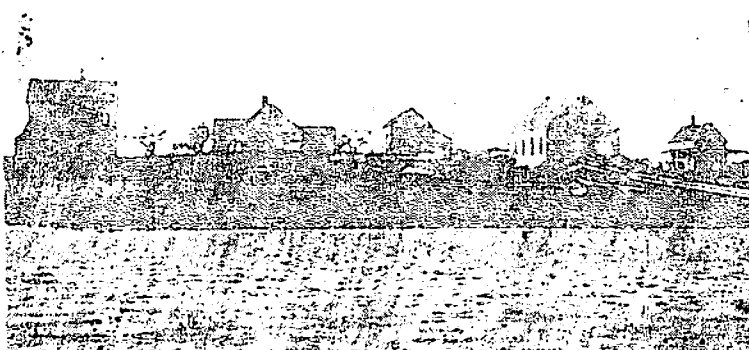
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speaking. I have in mind Dr. Nathaniel Noyes and Percy Walker. For many years Dr. Noyes was the chief protector of the health of our community. He was a dedicated country doctor and was well loved for his devotion to his profession and to his patients. He answered calls day or night in the poorest weather conditions. A telephone call for help once came from the Gurnet. It was during the night in the middle of winter. A Northeaster was blowing. With his team of horses and a buggy, he crossed the big bridge and followed the road that went behind the dunes to the Gurnet. It was so cold that the Bay was partially frozen over. Dr. Noyes arrived at his destination he took care of his patient and started back. He was very tired and he fell asleep. When he awoke, he found that he was on bay ice off the north end of Clark's Island. Ahead was open water. Turning the horses, he regained the road and eventually reached home.

Concerning Percy Walker; I feel secure in saying that he did more to safeguard and make possible the kind of town we have today than any other person. He wanted Duxbury to remain a rural community and not become merely a suburb of Boston. He fought for protective zoning laws and was a pioneer in the preservation of open spaces, some of which are now owned by this Society. I can recall that under his leadership as president, some of the meetings of the Society were rather dull but he had a saving sense of humor that often relieved any monotony. I was present at one annual meeting when he called for the treasurer's report which was followed by the auditor's report. The auditor stated simply that he had found the treasurer's accounts in good order. President Walker then

made the comment "Well it's nice to know that Miss Gifford hasn't stolen any money from the Society this year."



Burgess Shipyard at what is now Shipyard Lane Beach.

The social life of the town revolved around Mattakeesett Hall and the Clubhouse of the Duxbury Yacht Club. Mattakeesett Hall still stands on Washington St. The DYC was organized in 1894. Its first clubhouse was more centrally located at the foot of Freeman Place off Washington St. When it was succeeded by the present clubhouse, it was moved to the property of Dr. Richard Cattell on Freeman Place and is now used as a garage. One of Duxbury's big events was the annual play of the Yacht Club held at Mattakeesett Hall. Most of the town attended and there were several performances. One year a minstrel show was staged. I remember only this bit:

BONES: "Mr. Interlocutor, I done heard it's not safe to buy from Sweetser & Arnold."

INTERLOCUTOR: "How come Mr. Bones?"

BONES: "I done heard Mr. Arnold sells pies n' things."

The Yacht Club's first commodore was William MacDowell, husband of Fanny Davenport, a famous actress of the period. Duxbury's 2 largest estates were the Wright mansion on St. George St., recently torn down to make room for a new school-house, and what was known as

the Fanny Davenport estate, off Washington St. just south of Shipyard Lane. The house still stands but it has been reduced

somewhat in size and new homes have been erected on part of the grounds.

The popular racing craft in 1900 was the "knockabout." They had beautiful lines, had centerboards and were sloop rigged. They were ideal for racing in our Bay. The 18' footers were about 30 feet overall and the 15 footers were about 24 feet overall. I recall some of the yachts and their owners.

Burt Goodspeed had a series of black boats called "Again." Arthur Train's green boats were called "Osprey." Frank Maxwell had a white boat, "Kittiwake V." Henry Hunt also raced, but I don't recall the name of his boat. I raced my 15 footer, "Bub." One of the Goodspeeds had a 15 footer "Sis." I think Harvey King's boat was called "Curlew."

I started racing in a catboat owned by Walter Amesbury and I was his crew. In 1905, we won the season's cup for our class and received it from Arthur Train, who was then commodore. Train Field was named for him. Walter Amesbury and I have maintained our friendship over these many years. He has a summer home at the foot of Longview Rd. Most of the yachts I have referred to,

Shiverick of Kingston. We raced in all kinds of weather. I remember one race when a northeaster was blowing. We shortened the mainsail to the last reef and carried a tiny storm jib. Races were held well into the fall. Parenthetically, may I say that I greatly admire our present day Duxbury sailors who comprise the Frostbite Fleet. A most delightful experience was pulling up to the yacht club float after racing on a cold wet day and sitting down to a big bowl of fish chowder served by the good ladies of the yacht club. Some of you may remember the weekly dances held at the old clubhouse. I was chairman of the dance committee for a year or 2. The lively spiel was current at that time.

Burgess Boatshop

Vivid in my memory is the old boatshop owned by James Burgess at the foot of Shipyard Lane. Incidentally, this street was originally called Somerville Ave. The name was so distasteful to the residents that my father got up a petition to have it called Shipyard Lane. The selectmen gave their approval. As a young man, Jim Burgess had been to sea on merchant ships. In his boatshop he built sailboats and dories, made repairs, painted them, hauled them out in the fall, stored them over the winter and put them in the water in the spring. He was the official handicapper of the Yacht Club. He lived with Mrs. Burgess in a white cottage at the corner of Josselyn Ave. After his death, the house was moved to a location on what is now called Partridge Rd. Inasmuch as sailing and things having to do with the sea were my consuming interest in those days, I spent much of my time, especially when the tide was out, at the boatshop. Jim Burgess was a friendly man and he generously assigned one end of his long work

We kept our tools there and made articles of no real importance but it gave us an excuse for being there with some wonderful old timers, whose lives were forever related closely to the sea. Among them was Bill Facey who lived in a cabin in the rear of his respectable sisters' house on Washington St. The only room his sisters would allow him to enter was the kitchen. There was another regular employee whose name I think was Sam Windsor but I am not sure. Others filled in when additional help was needed. All these men had had sea experience and they enjoyed talking about it. Their language at times was rough, but I was entranced by their tales.

Some Characters

Concerning strong language; our Duxbury author, Gershom Bradford, in one of his books tells how a little band of missionaries were shocked by the language of an old sea captain.

The boatshop version was slightly different but essentially the same. The missionaries had boarded a packet in Boston destined for Europe and the Far East. The captain, whose profanity was famous was giving orders to the crew to hoist sails, bring in the gang-plank, etc. and was overheard by the man by the man in charge of the missionaries who was greatly shocked by the Captain's colorful assortment of cuss words. When he could stand it no longer he nervously called out, "Please, please sir, do control your language. To which the busy captain replied; "Blankety, blankety, blank, if this bothers you, you're all going to freeze to death before we get to Liverpool." Cuss words flowed from the old timers as innocently as words from a child. It was part of the language of seafaring men. Many of them were deeply religious and their speech meant no disrespect to Burgess who was

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painting a boat and I heard him singing softly to himself, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, etc." Inadvertently, he upset the paint pail. Out came a stream of oaths that I am sure adjusted the situation to his complete satisfaction.

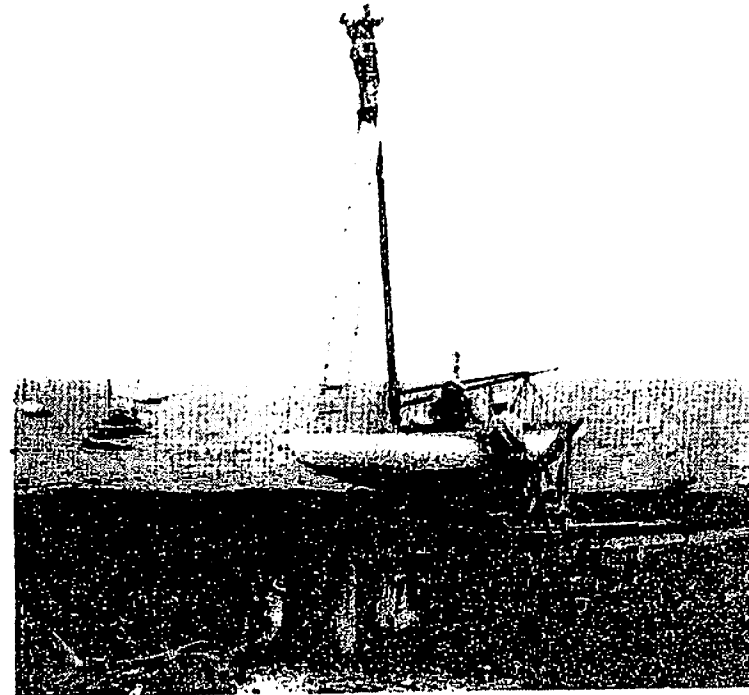
A frequent visitor to the boatshop was Samuel Hunt, who liked to talk about the old days. One day I was in front of the boatshop when Captain Hunt was in his dory a few yards off shore. He tripped on some gear and sustained a bad fall. I alerted the men in the shop and they hurried to the water's edge and found that the old man had a broken leg. They quickly found a door, placed the captain on it and carried him to his shack a short distance away. When the doctor came he started to cut away the top of the captain's hip boot. The old man protested with mighty oaths and said he was "goin' to use them boots again." He was over 90 at the time but I can bear witness to the fact that he did use those boots again but they were now knee-length. He walked bow-legged after that. He liked to sit in the sun in front of the boatshop where the marine railway entered the building. I often sat with him and listened to his yarns. I recall one drowsy noon when he was droning on with both of us half asleep. I just managed to catch this: "The last time I rounded the Horn there was a flat calm and what wind there was was dead ahead and blowin' like hell."

Mrs. Burgess was a wonderful old lady, much admired by her neighbors. When sitting in a rocking chair, she reminded me of the picture of Whistler's mother. She was strict with Jim and didn't allow him to smoke. Sometimes the boatshop crew played little pranks on each other. Now and then Jim smoked little cheroots

surreptitiously. One day when he lighted up, one of the men casually remarked, "Why, Jim, here comes Mrs. Burgess." Greatly alarmed, Jim took the lighted cheroot from his mouth and thrust it into his hip pocket. He was relieved to find that Mrs. Burgess was not coming, but he had one devil of a time explaining to her how he had burned a hole in his trousers. These men had a good time together. They also had a considerable amount of personal dignity. One Sunday, I was in the Burgess parlor when a voice from the street called, "Jim, Jim," accompanied by the blowing of an automobile horn. Jim peeked through the window and saw that it was one of his wealthy yacht customers. At first he paid no attention but when the summons was repeated he got up, opened the door and shouted: "Mr. X, stop tootin' that horn. If you want to see me, come to the door, knock proper, and I'll open it. And another thing; I've got a handle to my name. I'm Mr. Burgess to you." Much mollified, Mr. X came to the door, apologized and discussed his errand. Jim bought his first car, a Ford, when he was over 80. He was timid about driving it. On his first ride after taking delivery, he asked me to go with him. He was slow and cautious, and when we came to the first intersection, he stopped the car leaving the motor running, hopped out, ran briskly to where he could see both ways, saw no vehicle in sight, dashed back to the car and drove across with a big smile. After that, when we had to cross a street, I was the one that got out and gave the signal that all was clear. When he was so old that he was confined to his house, he told me that his greatest regret in departing this world would be his inability to see what great changes would take place in the next century. He was a wonderful old man and I loved him like a third grandfather.

His Best Friend

Perhaps my most intimate friend at the boatshop was George Freeman, called Georgie. He lived in a cabin behind the house of his sisters on Washington St. Georgie, as a young man, had sailed before the mast to far places of the world and his cabin was filled with old charts, boat models, ship pictures, his sea chest, relics of wrecks that he had picked up mostly on Cape Cod, and mementoes of his voyages. It was a veritable treasure house, and I spent many happy hours there. To me, Georgie was a fascinating person. If you had met him coming down the street, you surely would not have ranked him as a person of distinction, but to me his adventures in strange lands made him a man in the Herman Melville tradition, and I felt fortunate in having him for a friend. So keen was I to be with Georgie that I often spent my Christmas holidays in Duxbury. During his boyhood, the men of Duxbury had built ships along our shores and it was the most natural thing in the world for the young bucks to sign on for long voyages. With a wood fire in our kitchen stove, I invited Georgie to visit me and spend the day. This he did several times. Soon after the winter sun came up over the Bay. I would thrill with anticipation when I saw him trudge through the snow to our back door. His coat always bulged in front for he tried, not too successfully, to conceal a gallon jug that held his rum. I do not know how full the jug was when he first arrived but I know it was empty when he left. I never saw Georgie really drunk, but the rum, taken in little nips every few minutes throughout the day, lubricated both his memory and his tongue. To my delight, he apparently forgot that he was talking to a teenage boy. His accounts of shore leaves in some of the most boisterous ports of the



ON THE WAYS - James Kendall Burgess boatyard was at the foot of what is now called "Shipyard Lane." Mr. Burgess was official handicapper of the Duxbury Yacht Club. He stored and repaired most of the racing fleet.

world were garnished with rather robust incidents for a youngster and spiced with such picturesque language only an old salt would have recognized. I of the words. Some of his tales were hair-raising (at times I was a bit scared) -- I soon came to understand that he was reliving his youth and using the language to which he was accustomed in the old days. The shock of finding that my gentle friend had been a ripsnorting, swashbuckling sailorman gradually wore off and I gloried in the thrill of being taken back 50 or 60 years to one of the most interesting periods in the life of our nation. One cold winter morning when he was visiting me, I asked him if he would start

at the beginning and give me a detailed account of one of his voyages. Completely unhurried and fortified by his jug, we spent the entire day sailing around the world. A notable port was Shanghai. With several months pay in his pocket, Georgie and his crew mates devoted 2 days and nights in exploring the seamy sections of the great city, their leave made lively by brawls, mostly with the crews of other vessels, brushes with native constabulary and particular attention paid to wine, women and song. Crews usually kept loyally together and when shore leave was about to end all those who were able to navigate led or carried

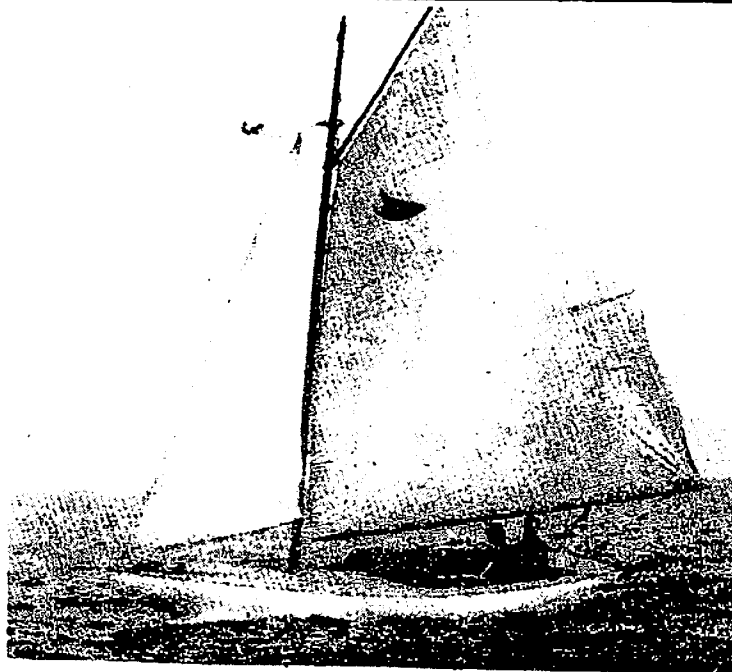
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their less mobile companions to the ship. When Georgie awoke the morning after his Shanghai leave, nearly a half year's pay was gone. He said that all he had to show for his leave was a terrific hangover and a dozen skunk traps. Not being aware that a trap had been designed specifically for that animal, I queried Georgie asking if they had some sort of deodorizing attachment but all he could tell me was that the man from whom he bought them said they were skunk traps. That night after he had opened the door and started for home I called after him "What did you do with those skunk traps?" To which he yelled back. "When I got to Manila, I hove'm to hell." Some of you gentle people may conclude that association with this rough old sailorman in his cups was not proper companionship for a boy of tender years. My friendship with Georgie gave me early in life an understanding of many things that prepared me for adult living.

He Was Serene

As I have said, Georgie was a quiet man and he was well liked at the boatshop. He was greatly admired by his fellow workers because he had acquired some mastery over the handicap of palsy which caused his right hand to shake constantly. Jim Burgess always called on him when a waterline was to be painted, a comparatively difficult task. The moment his brush met the boat's hull his hand was steady and true. When the job was done everyone knocked off for a moment to admire his skill which gave Georgie untold pleasure. Despite his palsy, Georgie used his tools like a master and he was particularly adept in making ship models. He was sometimes offered several hundred dollars for a model but if he didn't particularly like the man who



Knockabout "Bub" owned by the author of this article. The knockabouts were extremely well suited to Duxbury Bay being centreboard boats and drawing very little water. Mr. Atwater at the helm, Helen Irwin passenger. Helen was known as the very nice young lady who played the piano for the silent movies in Mattakeeset Hall.

made the offer, usually a summer resident, no amount of money would induce him to sell. It took about a year to complete a model. He was very neat and I never saw his workbench in a cluttered condition. Over his bench hung a little sign "A place for everything and everything in its place." Youngsters are not always kind and I know I embarrassed him when I mentioned that he had spelled the word "place" 2 different ways, "place" and "plase." He shyly said he had really forgotten how the word should be spelled and decided if he spelled it both ways he couldn't be entirely wrong!

One winter, I got a letter from Georgie saying that he hoped I would come to Duxbury for the Christmas holidays. This was a

bit unusual, because I had never received a letter from him before. I had planned a ski trip to New Hampshire with some school friends but, fearing that something might be amiss with my friend, I cancelled the ski trip and went to Duxbury. Going to his cabin, I found him hale and hearty and his greeting was particularly warm. He climbed a little ladder to a space above his room and brought down an oblong shaped box. Putting it on the table, he turned it around and presented me with a beautiful ship model encased in a glass front wooden box. I was overwhelmed. He said he had been working on it off and on for a year and always hid it when he saw me approaching. The model is now on top of a bookcase in our living

room. When I look at it, it brings back memories of my treasured friend who long since departed for ethereal shores.

I would like to tell you a bit about the neighborhood in Duxbury with which I was most familiar - Josselyn Ave. and Shipyard Lane. Here all-year residents and summer residents mingled in complete harmony. There were the 4 brothers, Ernest, Herbert and Briggs Wadsworth, and Tom Herrick. Tom was a Wadsworth but had changed his name because an aunt with no progeny had wanted him to carry on her name. Tom was the father of T. Waldo Herrick who endeared himself to our high school boys and girls and for whom their gymnasium was named. He drove one of the school buses. Ernest Wadsworth had been a ship carpenter and had spent much time at sea. He built the magnificent ship model now on display in Sailor's Snug Harbor. And it was Jed Hill, builder, who, I found, was an expert in identifying birds. Sam Burgess, not a close relative of Jim Burgess, lived directly across the street from Jim. Sam was a rugged individualist. He set his lobster pots off the Gurnet and only a hurricane would have stopped him from pulling them. He was a master at navigating the narrow bay channels at low tide. So far as I know, Sam was the source of the only scandal in our neighborhood. I must whisper it: "Sam lived alone with a housekeeper." The proper ladies of our community looked at her askance and always referred to her as "Sam Burgess's woman." She seldom appeared outside the house. I chanced to meet her and talked with her one day. I thought she was gentle and soft spoken. There were others but I don't want to burden this narrative with too many names.

Each summer, our neighborhood organized an outing to the

Gurnet. In a half dozen or so sailboats, towing dories, we sailed across the bay and anchored off Gurnet Creek. Rowing up the creek, we landed and had a clambake. We stayed over low tide which gave opportunity to visit the lighthouse. The more strenuous walked to Saquish and back. Some of the dunes were quite high and it was fun to slide down them. One of our party told of a trip to the dunes that he had made many years before with his girl friend and another couple. You who are nautically knowledgeable will know that a wide rather flat bottomed boat is sometimes referred to as having a pumpkin seed hull. One of the girls made the slide with dispatch but the other who carried much more poundage could scarcely get going. She appealed to the men asking, "Why can't I slide like Mary?" She was told, "You're pumpkin seed. Mary's Clipper bottom!"

I recall with much pleasure some cruising I did in Massachusetts Bay. A big event in those waters was the arrival of the New York Yacht Club fleet at Marblehead. My little 15-footer was not much of an ocean going craft, so I had to avoid bad weather. One time, with a companion, I started for Marblehead at 9 p.m. We went out of the Bay with the tide, rounded the Gurnet and set a compass course for Minot's Light. From there we set our course for the Graves Light, which is far off Boston Harbor. We were off Graves at dawn where we picked up a brisk southerly breeze and rounded Marblehead Neck at noon. Some of you yachtsmen will remember the German Sonderklass boats. I saw them race for the first time in this country the afternoon of our arrival in Marblehead. We made many more short voyages including Gloucester and Cape Cod harbors. We sailed to Provincetown

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the day before they laid the cornerstone of the Provincetown Monument and had the thrilling experience of hearing Pres. Theodore Roosevelt give his dedicatory address. I say thrilling because Teddy was one of my heroes and still is.

I would like to tell you about a project to which I devoted several summers. I shipped a 17-foot canvas canoe to Duxbury and set myself to the task of exploring all the rivers and small streams that flowed into Duxbury, Kingston and Plymouth bays. I had 3 different companions during the 3 summers. Towing the canoe, we sailed the "Bub" to the mouth of the stream we had selected for the day. Anchoring the sailboat, we paddled the canoe up the stream until the water became so shallow we could go no farther. It was really fun and we never knew exactly where we were and where we would wind up. Most streams flowing into Duxbury Bay, such as Blue Fish River, soon petered out. Helen Wadsworth was my companion on most of the Duxbury Bay trips. I am sure some of you will remember her. She was a beautiful girl and I was proud to squire her to dances here and in Boston where she later went to work. She was the daughter of Seaborn Wadsworth who, as the name implies, was born at sea. We paddled through the marshes to Green Harbor and Brant Rock and once followed Duck Hill River until we could go no farther.

Another companion was Walter Amesbury, with whom I made a trip up Jones River, Kingston, to its source. We carried camping equipment and it took several days. The tidal part of the river was easy because we rode the incoming tide. Even the fresh water section had good depth and it took us deep into the country. To our surprise and delight, we found the source of the river was Silver Lake. At that time there were no summer cottages there or other signs of civilization. We camped on a high bank under some stately pines. Eel River, Plymouth, was a beautiful trip. Helen Irwin, whose family was prominent in Duxbury, was my companion. Some will remember her as the charming young lady who played the piano at Mattakesett Hall in the days of the silent movies. The Eel River trip took us into the Standish Forest.

I once asked Percy Walker if he knew the site of the original Myles Standish house. He said it was on the north side of Kingston Bay at the foot of Captain's Hill. He also said the shore was dense with small trees, bushes and brambles and that an old record mentioned a large boulder adjacent to the cellar hole. He thought no one had been in there in modern times. This was somewhat of a challenge, so Helen Irwin and I set out to find it. We tackled the problem from the Bay side making probes into the dense brush. As you know, the land has been cleared, markers placed, and a pleasant little park established.

I want to mention an old timer well known to some of you. I refer to Parker Hall who, without a crew, sailed a sizeable schooner along the Atlantic Coast taking cargoes from port to port. He was a remarkable sailor, because a schooner as large as his would ordinarily have 4 or 5 men to work it. My father and I were fishing off the lumber yard one day when we paid Captain Hall a visit. He greeted us cordially and invited us aboard. After we got acquainted, my father expressed surprise that he made his voyages alone and said, "Captain, you must get awfully lonely. Why don't you get a wife?" Captain Hall said, "Had a wife once, but she warn't no good. She couldn't steer, wanted butter on her bread and wouldn't eat beans. No, she warn't no good at all."